

DELL


NO. 1829

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Still 10¢

BOOTS AND SADDLES

THE STORY OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY

- 
- The Gun Smugglers
 - Bad Medicine
 - The Book Soldier

Gravely ill, the Apache Chief's son lingers between life and death while an army doctor tries to save him.

If he dies, Captain Shank Adams knows the settlers will be attacked by vengeful Apache hordes who will blame the army for "Bad Medicine."



BOOTS AND SADDLES

THE STORY OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY

BAD MEDICINE



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SECONDS
LATER...

THESE! YOU DIDN'T
HEAR HIM CRY OUT, DID
YOU? NOW IS THE APACHE
MEDICINE MAN AS BRAVE
AS TWO STRIPES!

HERE MY
ARM!
STAB-
ING!



A MOMENT LATER...

YES, OTTER CLAW! I
HAVE TESTED THE
MEDICINE! IT IS SAFE
ENOUGH FOR YOUR
SON!



AND AS THE WHOLE TRIBE WATCHES, THE
DOCTOR VACCINATES THE AILING BOY...



THAT SHOULD
HELP HIM!

HOW LONG
BEFORE HIM
HE BETTER!

IF IT WORKS—WE'LL
KNOW IN TWO DAYS! TILL
THEN, OTTER CLAW, ALL
WE CAN DO IS WAIT!



TWO DAYS DRAG SLOWLY BY, BUT THEN THE CHIEF'S SON PASSES
HIS CRISIS! SMILES BREAK ACROSS THE APACHES' FACES...

WE RETURN TO RESERVATION!
PEACE BE KEPT! NOW ALL APACHES
GET STICK-IN-ARM FROM YELLOW-
LESS! MEDICINE MAN, WE
BE SAFE!

I'M GLAD EVERYTHING
TURNED OUT WELL.
CHIEF! EVEN COR-
PORAL DAVIS GOT THE
SOUVENIRE HE CAME FOR!

INCLUDING ONE ON
MY ARM
THAT I DON'T
ASK ON!



BOOTS AND SADDLES

THE STORY OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY

THE
GUN SMUGGLERS

















BEFORE THE CAVALRY CAN STOP THEM,
THE SMUGGLERS RAN INTO THE DARKNESS...

FROM WHAT I HEARD,
SHANKY, THEY MEET THEIR
MEXICAN CUSTOMERS JUST
ACROSS THE RIO!



THEN I MAY HAVE
A WAY TO CAPTURE
THE SMUGGLERS AND
THE MEXICAN BANDITS
IN ONE OPERATION!



WOULDN'T IT BE
EASIER TO CROSS
OVER THE RIO AND
NAIL 'EM, SIPP?

MAYBE-- BUT WE'LL
STICK TO OUR ORDERS
AND DO IT MY WAY!

TWO DAYS LATER...



'YOU FOUR--
REIN IN'

WHAT'S BATH-
ING YOU,
CORPORAL?
WANT TO SEE OUR
TWENTY-FOUR
HOUR PASS?



'YOU'RE CARRYING A LOT OF HARD-
WARE FOR GOING OFF ON A PASS!
WHAT ARE ALL THE WEAPONS FOR?





FOUR HOURS LATER, THE FUZZLED TROOPERS WATCH THE SMUGGLERS RE-CROSS THE RIO AND CAMP STILL NO ORDER IS GIVEN TO ATTACK...



ALL NIGHT THE ALMOST REBELLIOUS TROOPERS WATCH AND WAIT AND THEN AT DAWN...





THESE MEXICANS
ROBBED US OF HALF
OUR JOB!

THERE'S STILL
ENOUGH LEFT!

AND MINUTES
LATER...

WE'VE CORRALED THE LAST
OF 'EM! BUT WE STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHY THE MEXICANS
ATTACKED THE MEN WHO SOLD
THEM THE SNUGGLED GUNS!



HERE'S A WINCHESTER
FROM A CRATE THE
MEXICANS JUST BOUGHT.
TRY IT!

QUICKLY, SERGEANT BULLOCK LOADS AND PRESSES
THE TRIGGER...



THIS RIFLE
DOESN'T
WORK!

NONE OF
THE RIFLES
WORK!

BEFORE I CROSSED THE
RUMOR ABOUT THE ARMY
SUPPLY WAGONS USING A NEW
ROUTE. I HAD THE FIRMS FINE
FILED OFF! I WAS CERTAIN
ONCE THE MEXICANS FOUND
THEY'D BEEN CHEATED, THEY'D
WANT REVENGE AND CROSS THE
RIO TO OUR SIDE, WHERE WE
COULD COLLECT THEM ALL!

AND TO
THINK THE
MEN
DOUBTED
YOU HAD A
PLAN! MATTER
OF FACT,
CAPTAIN, SO
DID I!



BOOTS AND SADDLES

THE STORY OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY

THE BOOK SOLDIER





AS DAY AFTER DAY, SERGEANT GRIP QUOTES
REGULATIONS FROM THE BOOK, THE MEN
BECOME TIRED AND QUARRELSOME ...





WITH A STRONG SHOVE, SERGEANT GRIPP
SEPARATES THE TWO
FIGHTERS . .

ANYONE I CATCH
FIGHTING CAN EXPECT
TO END UP IN THE
GUARDHOUSE FROM
NOW ON! IS THAT
CLEAR?

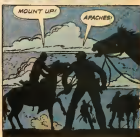


THAT NIGHT, FORT LOWELL SETTLES DOWN TO
SLEEP, AS THE ONLY SOUND HEARD IS MEN'S
SNOORING



BUT SUDDENLY, A
SUBLE TRUMPETS...

WH-WHAT IN BLAZES?
BOOTS AND SADDLES!





THAT
EVENING...

SERGEANT,
AREN'T YOU
PICKETING THE
HORSES PRETTY
FAIR FROM CAMP?

ONE HUNDRED
YARDS IS THE
PRESCRIBED
HYGIENIC DISTANCE
IN THE BOOK! IT IS
A HUNDRED YARDS
RIGHT HERE!



PICKET
THEM HERE!



LATER...

OWWW!



WHOOPI!
WHOOPI!



COMMENCE
FIRING!

A RAT LOT OF
8000 IT'LL DO!



NEXT
MORNING...

IF ONLY WE'D
PICKETED THE
HORSES CLOSE
TO CAMP THE WAY
WE ALWAYS DO
IN APACHE
TERRITORY!

FORM UP AND
STOP
GRUMBLES!
THIS PATROL
WILL CONTINUE
... ON FOOT!





ALL THE NEXT DAY, THE MEN FOLLOW SERGEANT GRIPP AS HE NOW SETS OUT FOR FORT LOWELL...

PICK THAT UP! YOU'RE CARRYING BACK EVERY PIECE OF EQUIPMENT WE CAME OUT HERE WITH!

EVERYTHING BUT OUR HORSES!



ON AND ON THEY PLOD AS THE HEAT SHINNERS OFF THE BURNING SANDS...



HE'LL NEVER GET US TO THE FORT HIS WAY! I'M TAKING THE SHORT CUT AND BRINGING BACK HELP!

GOOD LUCK! WE NEED IT!

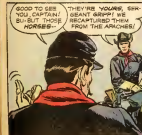


YOU THERE! HALT!



I KNOW THE WAY BACK! I'LL BRING HELP--

GET BACK IN THE RANKS! THIS PATROL DOESN'T NEED ANY HELP!





LATER, WHEN SERGEANT BULLOCK RETURNS FROM FURLOUGH...



A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS

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WESTERN FORTS



PIONEER FAMILIES GAVE THANKS WHEN THEY PULLED INTO THE SHELTER OF A MILITARY FORT ON THEIR LONG TRIP ACROSS HOSTILE COUNTRY. THOUGH OFTEN VERY SMALL, THE FORT'S HIGH LOG WALLS MEANT SAFETY, SINCE INDIANS PREFERRED HIT-AND-RUN ATTACKS ON UNPROTECTED GROUND TO THE LONG SIEGE OF A WELL-ARMED FORT.



THE PARADE GROUNDS WERE LOCATED IN THE CENTER OF THE FORT. HERE THE SOLDIERS DRILLED, PARADED, AND HELD EVENING RETREAT.



'SOAPBOX ROW' HOUSED ENLISTED MEN'S WIVES. LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE CAMP LAUNDRESSES AND SO ALLOWED TO FOLLOW THEIR SOLDIER HUSBANDS TO FRONTIER CAMPS.



SECOND LIEUTENANTS WITH THEIR FAMILIES LIVED IN ONE SMALL ROOM WITH A SHED OUTSIDE FOR A KITCHEN. WITH EACH PROMOTION, OFFICERS GOT ANOTHER ROOM.



THE SOLDIERS' MOUNTS WERE WELL-CARED FOR. THE HORSES' STABLES CONTAINED A BLACKSMITH SHOP, HARNESS ROOM AND STORAGE SPACE FOR THE ANIMAL'S FOOD.



AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, THE UNITED STATES ARMY WAS A HUGE MELTING POT OF ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE. FORMER "VOLUNTEERS" REJOINED AS "REGULARS", USUALLY ACCEPTING A LESSER RANK JUST TO STAY IN SERVICE. THESE WERE THE SOLDIERS WHO OCCUPIED THE SOUTH, PROTECTED WESTERN SETTLERS AND PATROLLED THE MEXICAN BORDER.



"SALVAMIZED YANKEES" WERE FORMER WARTIME CONFEDERATE PRISONERS. WHEN THEY PROMISED TO JOIN THE ARMY AS INDIAN FIGHTERS, THEY WERE RELEASED FROM YANKEE PRISONS.



NEGROES, INCLUDING MANY RECENTLY FREED SLAVES, WERE CALLED "BUFFALO SOLDIERS" BY THE INDIANS THEY FOUGHT. THE TENTH CAVALRY WAS A FAMOUS NEGRO REGIMENT.



INDIANS WERE ENLISTED AS SCOUTS IN THE ARMY OF THE WEST. THEY OFTEN SHED THEIR UNIFORMS BEFORE A BATTLE, AND FOUGHT IN THEIR TRIBAL WAR PAINT ALONGSIDE THE BLUE-CLAD SOLDIERS.



IMMIGRANTS FROM ALL NATIONS SWELLED THE ARMY RANKS, BUT SOLDIERS USUALLY MARCHED TO MUSIC PLAYED BY GERMAN OR ITALIAN BANDSMEN.